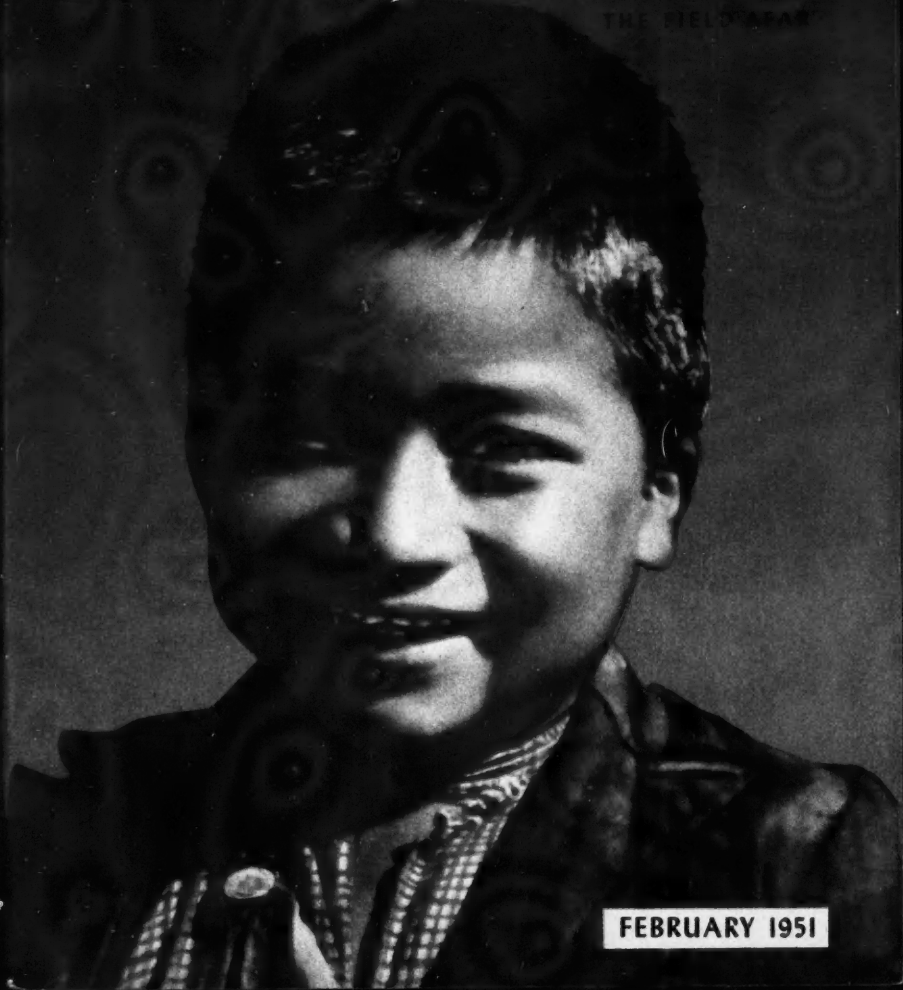


Maryknoll

THE FIELD YEAR



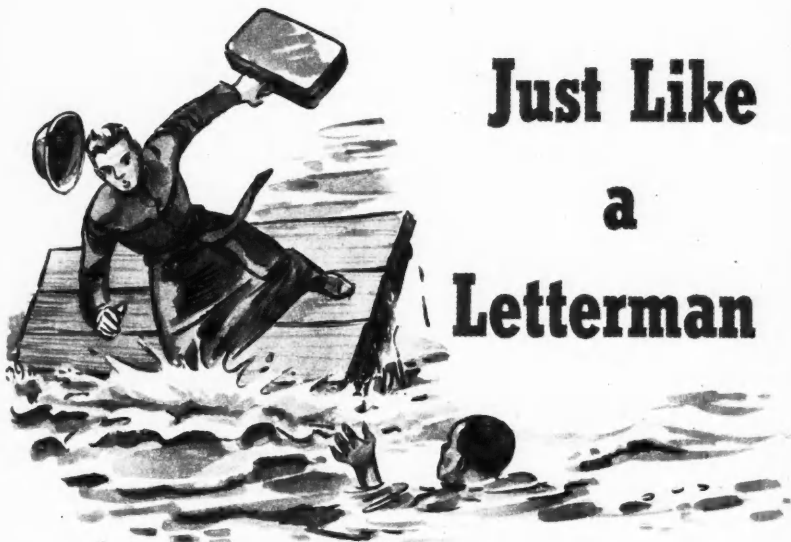
FEBRUARY 1951



"MISSION SUNDAY!" says the poster in this window in Bolivia. The great day is remembered in a land that itself needs missionaries.







Just Like a Letterman

by Francis G. Murphy

The coffin in the guest room glowed eerily at midnight

The motto of the United States Postal Service reads, "Not snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." If mailmen can face whatever the weather may bring we figured we could do the same. And so the mission trips went on as scheduled.

There were disappointments. One day I walked about thirty miles to get to a Catholic village. I got within sight of the village, but a river, deep and swift forced me to return to the mission. Bridges had been swept away, and no boats or rafts were available.

There was admiration. On another

occasion, a Catholic stripped to his shorts and swam as he pushed a raft, holding the priest and the Mass kit, across a swiftly flowing river, in order that the swimmer and the other people of his village might have Mass the following morning. On a similar trip, Father Quirk, crossing in like manner, tipped the raft near shore and went in up to his neck.

There was humor. The strangest sight of all was Fathers Glass and Kneur with umbrellas over their heads, crossing a river in water up to their chests. When they realized what a silly sight they made, both broke out into laughter.

There was danger. Father Glass,

wearing heavy shoes and a pack on his back, stepped off a ledge and was being swept downstream. Fortunately, he had kept a tight hold on his umbrella, and managed to get the handle around an upright post that had supported a now washed-out bridge. Regaining his feet, with great difficulty he reached the bank of the river.

The mission trips were well worth while. We found great consolation in visiting our Catholic villages and giving the people a chance to attend Mass and receive the sacraments. Altogether, we baptized 522 persons, the fruits of the catechumenates opened last March. This brings the number of converts for the past year to a total of 1,022.

God has been showering His blessings on the mission of Chuanhsien, in the Kweilin Prefecture of China. With His help, we hope to have as many, if not more, converts during the coming twelve months.

The life of a missionary in China is not completely absorbed in making mission trips. There is always the home mission with its funerals, and pets, all demanding a great deal of attention from the pastor and his curates.

The staff of the Chuanhsien mission was saddened recently by the death of Agnes Chiang, a very fine

Catholic and one of our star catechists. Our Catholics prayed earnestly for Agnes, and the doctor in attendance did everything in his power

to save her; but it was God's will that she leave us for a better and happier home. Though frail, Agnes was a bundle of energy and could be

counted on to have her pupils well prepared for the sacrament of Baptism.

Some time ago, our cat, Roscoe fell down the well and lost all nine lives. After that we were plagued with rats. They were no longer content to race about the attic but insisted on visiting our rooms. Shutting the doors was almost sure to involve shutting one or more rats inside — and then the rats gnawed the doors the whole night through, trying to get out. In self-defense we left the doors open and gave the rats the run of the house.

About a week ago the Sisters' cat had three kittens. We took the kittens from the convent and placed them in our attic. (The mother cat is with them, of course.) The Sisters agreed to let us keep all the kittens. Now we are no longer bothered with rats.

More on the serious side were the two infants we found at our mission gate, early one morning. That was the first time in two years that this

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.**

has happened. One of the infants, a boy, was very ill. We baptized the lad; he died a short time later. The other infant, a girl, is coming along nicely. We hired a widow to raise her. The deal involved giving the woman powdered milk for the child, and thirty pounds of rice to compensate for her services.

The widow did not stick to the agreement very long; two weeks later we again found the child at the gate. Investigation revealed that the widow had a chance to get married, but the future husband would have nothing to do with the adopted infant. Rather than explain she took that means to signify that she was through. Another widow was soon found, who was willing to give the little girl a foster home.

Two of the boys from our Boys Town have been adopted during the month just past. A Catholic boy was adopted by Mr. Lu, who works for Father Wolott at the Changshan mission. Mr. Lu has a daughter at the Laipo convent school, and she hopes to be a Sister. His one and only son, a boy of nineteen, died about two months ago. When God calls Mr. Lu to his reward, his adopted son will inherit the house and rice field.

The other boy, a non-Catholic, was adopted by a non-Catholic man who came to us highly recommended by our Catholics. This man plans to have the boy marry his daughter after both become of age. This boy, too, will inherit home and land some day.

Before making these adoptions permanent, we insist on a three-month trial period. This gives the adopter a good chance to look the boy over —

and the boy a chance to learn about his foster father. Many have tried to adopt our boys, and we have to screen them carefully. We fear an unscrupulous adopter might sell the boy later on.

Recently, in one of our catechumenates, there was a slightly deaf young man. He was having difficulty learning the doctrine as it is studied here in China. The teacher asks a question and the students answer out loud and all at once. The answers as heard by this young man were just so many noises.

It was then that sixteen-year-old Francis took the young man under his wing. Day after day, in a room apart, Francis and the young man went over the questions and answers. Came the day of baptism, and the young man was well prepared. Francis was mighty proud of his pupil. Francis, by the way, is the son of one of our women catechists, and is totally blind.

Like every other parish in the world, Chuanhsien has its share of funerals. But burial customs differ from those in the rest of the world. For example, no flowers are ever placed on graves in China. In ancient times, there was a law that forbade this. We are told that, in the days of yore, the placing of flowers on the grave was reserved for the deceased of the reigning families. Of course, the law has long since gone by the boards, but placing flowers on the grave just isn't done.

There are no cemeteries as we know them, in this section of China. Burial grounds are chosen by the family. The site is usually a nearby hill or uncultivated piece of ground.

The coffin is made of wood and resembles the trunk of a tree. This, we are told, is to fool the devil, who may be looking for the body of the deceased. The devil, seeing the trunk of a tree in the ground, would be misled and look no further. A family tries to keep its dead close together. Were a member of a family to die in a distant place, the body would be buried there; after a number of years, however, the body would be disinterred, the bones put in a jar, and the jar buried in the family plot.

During the season of the All Souls' Festival, when the surviving members of a Chinese family go to the burial grounds, baskets of food are taken along. Incense, firecrackers, and paper money are not forgotten. The members of the family dress in their best clothes and there are no signs of mourning except among the recently bereaved.

The young men of the family cut the grass. Incense and paper money are burned; firecrackers are shot off. The family then settle down to have their outdoor lunch — not however, before placing tempting dishes on the graves and inviting the souls of the dead to eat. To the eye, it would seem that the souls are not very hungry, as the quantity of the food

remains the same. The Chinese will tell you, however, that the mere smell of food is enough to assuage the hunger of the souls.

In a mission in which I worked a few years ago, we took care of twenty-four villages. These villages were visited regularly, and in each there was a spare room assigned to the priest. Of the twenty-four rooms, at least fifteen contained a coffin or two.

One night there was a coffin at the foot of the bed on which I slept. At midnight I awoke—and was amazed to see the coffin glowing like phosphorous. Thinking the glow might be due to the moon, I looked toward the window; it was hardly discernable and there was no moon. Getting out of bed, I closely examined the coffin. No doubt about it—it was glowing. I went back to bed. At four in the morning I again awoke. This time the coffin was no longer glowing. There must have been some phosphorous in the paint on that coffin.

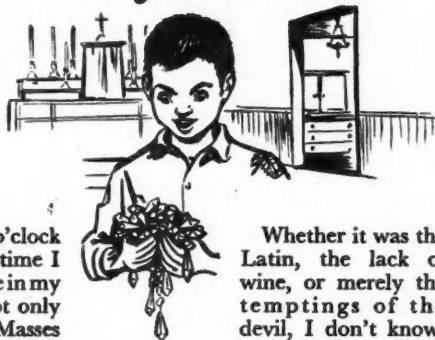
The experience of sleeping in a room with a coffin is at first a little trying. But soon the missionary comes to adapt himself to the Chinese philosophy: Death is bound to come. Why not prepare for it by having a coffin on hand?



THROUGHOUT EAST AFRICA, the Luos are known as inveterate beggars. Thinking I could cure at least the younger generation, I gave some boys who live near the mission a chance to earn some spending money instead of begging. Came the end of the first work day and all made off with their pay except Christianus. This eleven-year-old native lad gave his wages to help build the new church. Next morning Christianus was begging again. What could I do. It's hard to say "No" to one who has embraced voluntary poverty!

Santiago's Soft Touch

by John J. O'Brien



"SISTO will take the seven o'clock Mass this week." Every time I said that, I had my tongue in my cheek, for Sisto would take not only the seven, but also any other Masses that might be celebrated that week in the church of Our Lady of the Ransom here in Montero, Bolivia.

God was especially kind to us in the beginning of our work in Montero when He gave us Sisto. The lad's looks were not impressive. And at the start of organizing our altar boys, though we had a goodly number of prospects, Sisto Aguilera had seemed the least promising of the lot.

Our real prize at that time was Santiago Barba, a hand-me-down from the regime of our sacristan, Luis, who had tried hard for the past six years to keep this parish going without a priest.

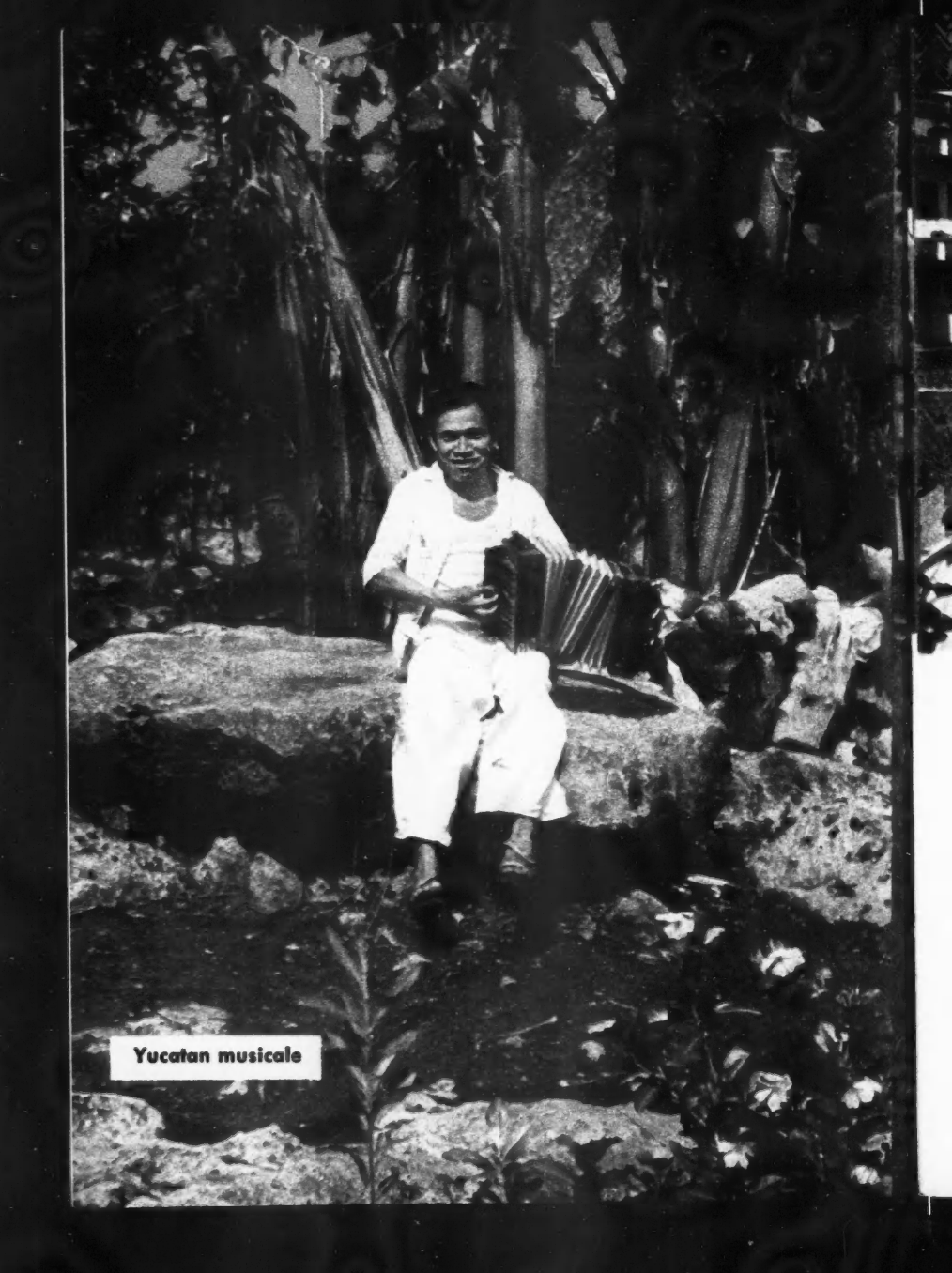
Santiago was doing well. He had the motions of an altar boy down to perfection. It did take us a bit of time to convince him that he wasn't to consume all the wine left in the cruet after Mass. Santiago would have been perfect if we had not tried to teach him the Latin responses. The Latin lessons just about killed Santiago's love for the altar.

Whether it was the Latin, the lack of wine, or merely the temptings of the devil, I don't know.

Anyway, Santiago hit upon a get-rich-quick scheme that seemed like a soft touch. There was a very ornate chandelier in the sacristy. Father Donald Aubry and I did not think the chandelier was worth much. Santiago, however, had a more business-like turn of mind.

He stripped the chandelier of the crystals and sold them all over Montero, at about five cents apiece. I was not aware that Santiago had gone into business on his own, but news travels fast in a small town that is unconcerned with the affairs of the outside world. Luis, the sacristan, discovered that the prize chandelier had been stripped, and that was when we learned of Santiago's soft touch.

Santiago disappeared from the altar that very night, and went into hiding. But with the disgrace of Santiago, Sisto blossomed forth as the answer to a missionary's prayer. He now knows almost all there is to know about serving Mass.

A black and white photograph of a man sitting on a large, light-colored rock in a lush, tropical forest. The man is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and white trousers. He is holding and playing a large, dark-colored accordion. The background is filled with dense foliage, including tall palm trees and various tropical plants. The lighting is bright, creating strong shadows on the rock and the ground. In the bottom left corner, there is a small white rectangular box containing the text "Yucatan musicale".

Yucatan musicale



No modern buildings are permitted in Taxco, "the city of churches"

ALONG A ROAD IN MEXICO

Mexico is a country of startling contrasts. There oxcart competes with airplane; lush, green-clad mountains rise up out of hot deserts; relics of a mysterious past stand out in relief against a twentieth-century backdrop. In a region nineteen times the size of Ohio (four times as large as Spain), live twenty million people. Of these, ten per cent are white; thirty per cent, pure Indian; and the remaining sixty per cent, a blend of white and Indian. For the most part,

these Mexicans are poor people, who work hard and live on a meager diet of tortillas, beans, and potatoes.

More than ninety per cent of the Mexicans are Catholics, who have kept their Faith despite a serious shortage of priests. Some Maryknollers work in the province of Yucatan. Others, with Bishop Escalante, are helping to establish, near Mexico City, the country's first mission seminary.



COLOR PHOTOS BY MARGARET SCHAEFFER AND ROBERT E. LEE



Father Vincent Mallon chats with some of his Maya Indian parishioners. There are more than fifty tribes and dialects in Mexico.



Mexicans are cheerful, amiable people. Even the poorest are generous and kindly. These girls show both Indian and white strains.



Pedro — his heart as big as his smile



Clad in their spotless, hand-embroidered, white dresses, the Mayan women (above) stand before a jungle chapel cared for by a Maryknoll priest. Relics of past glory surround these people, such as the famed Monte Alban ruins (below) in the desert near Oaxaca.







In a backwoods general store Father Gerard Greene, dressed in civilian garb because of Mexican law, makes friends with tiny Maria.





Help us build churches in Japan

Here are itemized costs. Will you select and donate an item?



FOR CHURCH OR CHAPEL

Foundation stone	216 cu. ft.	\$9.00
Sand	" " "	8.50
Gravel	" " "	9.00
White cement	per bag	1.20
Cement	" "85
Lime	" "35
Stucco	36 sq. ft.	1.95
Plaster	" " "	1.15
Metal lath	" " "25
Felt back (for stucco)	" " "10
Plywood	per sheet40
Celotex	" "45
Sheathing (under stucco)	36 sq. ft.30
Lath wood	per bundle45
Framing lumber	36 sq. ft.	1.35
Finish lumber	" " "	2.50
Oak flooring	" " "	4.00
Tile (scrathsh)	" " "95
Roofing tile (chapel)	" " "	2.90
Roofing tile (church)	" " "	4.00
Nails	keg	7.50
Glass	sq. ft.15
Oil paint	tsubo95
Stain and varnish	"90
Wax	"70
Paint	"35

DOORS AND WINDOWS

Front doors (church)	\$20.
" " (chapel)	15.
Side doors	10.
Windows (church)	17.
" (chapel)	12.
" (small, for baptistry, etc.)	8.

LABOR

Carpenters per day	\$1.25
Roofers " "	1.25
Plasterers " "	1.10
Laborers " "70

Send your choice and offering to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

In 1946, after almost four years in concentration camp, followed by a year with the Russians in Manchuria, I returned to San Francisco. We had been on short rations often during the preceding five years. The sight of many people obviously overweight, and of many others devouring much more than they seemed to require, was disturbing. I had just left Dairen, where I had seen many people starving. We missionaries had cut down our meals to a minimum, in order to give what we could to save others. It is the great inequality between the way people live here, and the way many people in other parts of the world live, that causes many millions outside our country to dislike Americans.

Other inequalities are likewise productive of much ill feeling. In a recent trip to Africa, for instance, I found in one section, containing almost two million people, only six doctors. Were there an equal scarcity in New York City there would be only thirty doctors for the entire population. In the same district, there is a great deal of leprosy with no segregation. Recent information, which has not been checked too carefully, gives the incidence of thirty lepers in every thousand of the population. There is but one lying-in hospital in the entire region. This is typical of the so-called backward areas.

The whole of mankind should be the responsibility of every Catholic. Usually the missionary needs very little stimulus on this point, for he has the contrast always before him. He finds it easy to understand that the corporal works of mercy must be the everyday concern of the man in the front lines. There is danger, however, even for the missionary, that he may restrict his efforts too closely to spiritual things and that he may fail to consider the whole man.

Pope Pius XI sent out a letter some years ago, in which he pleaded with priests everywhere to take greater interest in the poor and underprivileged. Some priests may protest that their principal function is to say Mass and to confer the sacraments. True, but it has always been necessary that priests likewise take an interest in all those things that touch upon man's well-being, that have an effect, directly or indirectly, on man's moral life. One missionary recently worked out a plan showing how many activities connected with man's welfare are joined with the corporal works of mercy. It is surprising to note how the whole range of man's physical needs is embraced under the headings enumerated in the Gospel.

+ 



CROSSROAD OF THE WORLD

King Gnagnan of Nigeria, Africa, chats with two Holy Year pilgrims from France, after their audience with Pope Pius XII. Even though the Holy Year is over, Rome is still the crossroad of the world. The humblest Catholic in the most distant part of the globe can be sure that he shares a place in the thoughts and prayers of the Holy Father. Of especial concern to the Vicar of Christ are the vast numbers of people who never have had the opportunity of learning about the Saviour of the world.

Being the story of the wild ride of a Peruvian Ichabod Crane



I Remember Marcus

by Robert F. Kearns

The train was slowing down for the station when an Indian grabbed my two suitcases and started for the door of the coach.

"Hey! those are mine," I shouted.

"I know," he replied, "I'm taking them to the rectory." As he noticed the puzzled look on my face, he explained, "I'm Marcus, Father."

"Oh," I said in a flat tone, for want of a better response. I did not know any Marcus; I was newly arrived at Pucara, high in the Peruvian Andes.

I remember my first impression of Marcus as we made our way from the station to the rectory. I was riding a horse that he had borrowed from someone while he walked along the right hand side of the road with my two suitcases tied to his back. I judged Marcus to be about forty

years old. The most conspicuous thing about him was his lack of teeth. He smiled at me repeatedly along the way, as if to assure me that he wasn't a crook.

I remember walking over to the church that afternoon. As I was trying the sacristy door, I heard sheep bleating in the street. A few moments later, the flock came pouring through the small gate, about 40 in number, followed by Marcus. The sheep, I learned, had been presented to the parish by newly married couples; Marcus was the shepherd. When he came to church, he brought the sheep with him; they could munch the grass outside the sacristy while Marcus went about his chores. From that day on, sheep were a familiar sight to me.

I remember Marcus as the sacristan;

he ran everything in the parish. At times I thought I was working for him. He opened and closed the church, kept it clean, lined up marriages, and ran all kinds of errands. His eyes, big and uncertain, were always looking for something to do. When they found it, off the sacristan went in a rush. I don't think he knew how to do things slowly.

I remember his hobby. It was ringing the church bells. Whenever he saw me crossing the fields, the church bells would begin to peal as if every day were Easter. During the day, he was forever marking the hour, commemorating an anniversary, or tolling the dead off to the cemetery.

I remember Marcus' best friend, Felipe. He was our organist and choir. He was a mild Indian, about twenty-five years old, always dressed in a light-brown poncho with a hat to match. When not singing or playing or teaching catechism to the youngsters, Felipe sat in the sacristy and watched Marcus. Even outside the church, he followed Marcus

China will be converted through the Chinese. \$150 a year pays the expenses of a Chinese seminarian. Educating priests is a charity of the eternal kind.

around, nodding his head in agreement with whatever the older man said.

I remember the time Marcus and Felipe and I had a race. Marcus was another Ichabod

Crane. His legs were wide from the sides of his pony; his elbows were flapping higher than his shoulders, as he kept looking over his shoulder at us. He did that once too often.

As he turned his head, the horse arrived at a brook almost hidden in the grass. The steed stopped suddenly and dug in his front feet. The saddle straps snapped and the saddle and its occupant kept right on going, over the horse's head. Marcus sat in the water with his mouth wide open. His old grin was shortly restored, as he tried to squeeze all the water out of his clothes.

I remember the last time I saw Marcus. He had come to the station to see me off when I was leaving Pucara. He and Felipe had tears in their eyes as the train left the station. I wasn't too happy about the parting, either.



Saint Teresa and Her Tambourine

SAINT TERESA of Avila has taught both contemplatives and missionaries to mix joy with their deprivations. "God deliver me from gloomy saints!" was one of her favorite exclamations. To entertain her nuns on feast days, she would dance to the accompaniment of her Spanish tambourine, which may still be seen in her convent at Seville.



On the island where Saint Francis Xavier died, two Maryknollers are hard at work



New Year on Sancian

by John J. Drew

The Chinese have a genius for reunions, but their celebration of the New Year is the culmination of many reasons for rejoicing. The Chinese observe New Year's Day as the birthday of every inhabitant of China — the day that all celebrate with external solemnity.

And what a birthday celebration it is. For two weeks in advance, all schools are closed. As the day approaches, one by one the shops close down, shutters are firmly fastened throughout the entire business district, and even the rawest apprentice has his weeks of vacation. The entire nation takes its annual holiday together, and mere business is suspended for the interim.

The holiday celebration brings much quiet rejoicing in the family. Chinese have not lost the art of conversation, and the elders are content to sit and smoke by the hour, in quiet enjoyment of the luxury of absolute leisure.

The main benefit of the mass holiday is this family reunion. In China, an entire family includes not only father, mother, and children, but

also the grandparents, aunts and uncles, nieces and nephews, to the nth degree. This practice is universal in the nation, and no political disturbance can effectively interrupt it.

However, on tiny Sancian Island, near the coast of China, there is another element that enters into the celebration of the Chinese New Year. The people in the four villages that immediately surround the church are Catholics.

Some would trace their ancestry in the Faith back to times not far removed from the days when Saint Francis Xavier was among them. So closely knit together by their common religion are the people of these four villages that the rest of the islanders regard them as a single family. Naturally this family, too, must celebrate the New Year.

Being a special sort of family, they celebrate it in an extra special way. Their family reunion consists not only in the members of the clan assembling at the ancestral home, but also in observing the Forty Hours' Devotion. I like to think that Saint Francis Xavier looked down

with a great deal of pleasure from his place in heaven, on the Catholic Sancian Islanders as they include God in their birthday celebration.

Father Joyce opened the adoration service with the first of three high Masses. The small chapel was crowded almost to capacity: always room for one more. Sounds inconvenient, but the bitterly cold north wind made it not uncomfortable for the people to be crowded closely together. And Father Joyce's sermon conveyed a great deal of spiritual warmth to the hearts of the congregation.

The villagers were wonderful the way they participated in the periods of adoration. Without fail, they showed up at the hours agreed upon. In groups of five or six, for an hour at a time, they chanted rosaries, litanies, and other prayers in common. After being witness to this outpouring of faith and love, it was rather difficult to get back to the cold reality that China as a whole is still predominantly unaware of Christ or His great love for them.

Yes, it was a happy New Year's on Sancian Island. The weather was cold, but the hearts of the people were warm in their contact with the Sacred Heart of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The Catholic villagers are on the economic level that verges on destitution. Their farms provide them with the bare necessities of life. But in the spiritual order the celebration of Forty Hours again reminded them that they possess much.

A missionary of another age described them perfectly: "...as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing, and possessing all things."



Our Shop by the Canal

by Charles J. Schmidt

LOCATED on the bank of a canal that was built centuries before the time of Christ in the heart of the Hsungan shopping district is a Catholic mission. Really, it is a Chinese shop that has been altered to serve as an inquiry center. Father Jacques tore down the front wall to make sure that nothing would prevent the passers-by from looking at the huge paintings of Christ that line the back wall of the shop. On the side walls are eye-catching signs that invite a steady stream of visitors to inquire about the Faith. All day long a catechist is on duty, ready to welcome visitors and answer questions.

Three times a week dispensary treatments are given in one corner of the shop. The catechist explains to the patients that Father Jacques is there to teach religion; his medical work is his way of showing his love for the Chinese. In this way, Father is not regarded as just another doctor of medicine, but as a doctor of souls.

EDITORIAL:

From End to End Mightily

GOD IS THE great missionary, the real, if hidden, designer of major mission strategy. His providence reaches from end to end mightily, disposes all things sweetly, but also operates quietly, slowly, often enigmatically.

An example is the mission field of Japan, where the work of evangelization began with excellent promise, was soon stifled by persecution, and subsequently remained in abeyance for centuries. National toleration of a sort came in time, and for seventy-five years the most serious and devoted missionary efforts were lavished upon this once-promising field. However, in spite of all the labor expended, Japan remained a slow, baffling, and unproductive mission field.

This situation was puzzling to many, but it was not altogether so to the missionaries in Japan. They had found their people hard to convert, but they thought they knew the reason for it.

"They move as a nation," said a

veteran member of the Paris Foreign Missions, who had spent his life among the Japanese. "And because the national trend is not favorable to a supposedly foreign religion, they do not move in our direction. Our people are not unresponsive to the religious message in itself; indeed, they are capable of great religious idealism. But it is their strength and their weakness to act in concert, as one man; they are the most like-minded and the most group-minded people on earth. So far, we have failed to find a method of influencing them as a body. We think that some great upheaval, some major change affecting the entire nation, will have to intervene if numerous conversions are to be expected in Japan."

GREAT UPHEAVALS, national changes, are phenomena utilized by God, not methods fashioned by missionaries. They often provide the answer to some stubborn, long-standing, big-scale, mission problem when no lesser means will suffice. It may

Maryknoll



THIS MONTH'S COVER

WHEN Spaniards tried to rule Guatemala by force, George's ancestors repelled them. But Father Louis Cancer, O.P. taught traveling peddlers songs based on the Gospel, and sent them among the fierce Indians in the highlands to sing as they sold their wares. The Indians, curious about the songs, were told that the Padre could give further information. Mass conversions to the Faith followed.

be that Japan is a case in point.

The opinion cited above was not just an isolated sentiment, but one shared by a whole generation of missionaries in Japan. Recent events tend to indicate that their diagnosis was substantially correct. There is a changed outlook in this great mission field at present. The national re-orientation that followed the global war has been the signal for a marked increase of interest in the Church and has given rise to new, well-founded hopes.

IT MAY BE SUPPOSED that God will take a direct hand in His own work at certain providential times, particularly when the magnitude of the major objectives is considered.

India is a very big country to be covered by its few thousands of missionaries, or even by its comparatively small, if solidly established, native Church. China is still bigger, accounting in itself for something like one quarter of the human race. Russia is another immense conglomeration of humanity, and one long deprived of every ordinary missionary contact. All Scandinavia is in a special, well-insulated, semi-exclusive orbit of its own. The Moslems, multitudinous, cohesive, and confirmed in their own polity for a thousand years, girdle three continents like a solid wall. Tibet and Afghanistan have been closed to the Gospel for nineteen hundred years.

These mountainous mission problems may require mountainous means. And these are only sample cases called at random. Up and down the

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

mission front, there are many similar tasks, thorny in character, herculean in scope, awaiting performance.

GOD'S CHIEF INTEREST in the world He created is the salvation of souls through the merits of His Son. He has His special plans, special methods, and every missionary bears these constantly and carefully in mind. The missionary holds himself ready to accommodate his own plans to the divine designs whenever they clearly materialize. Every missionary has great reliance upon His hidden, providential purposes; great ability to find the silver lining in the clouds; great peace, great hopes.

— Bishop James E. Walsh



New Look at Glen Ellyn



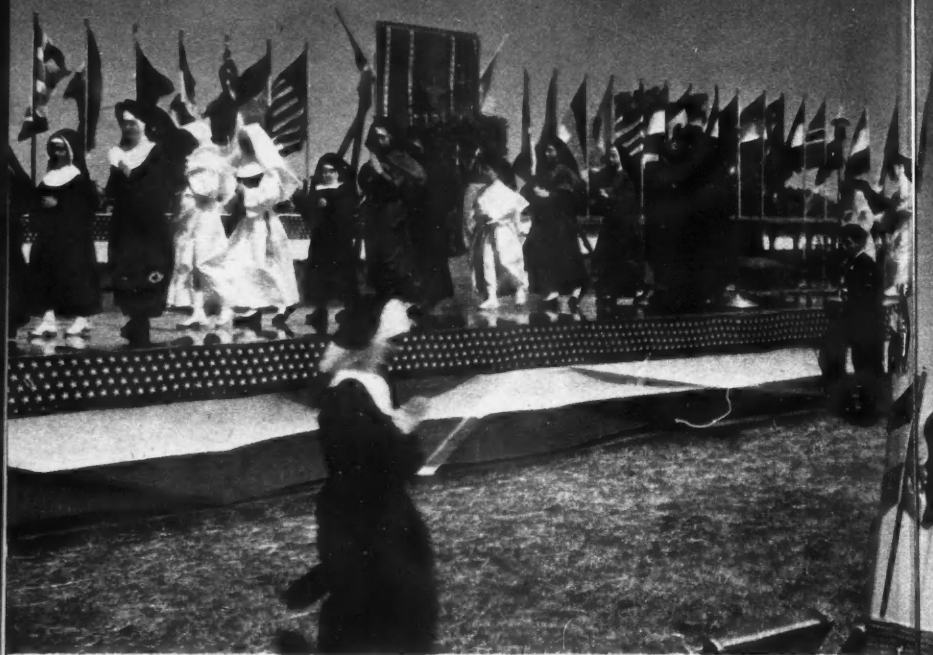
Our new seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, is well into its second year now. Standing atop one of the few hills in the Chicago area, the seminary has become home to several hundred young missionaries-to-be. No longer starched and prim in its newness, the Glen Ellyn seminary has a friendly, lived-in look.

The new school has been appointed as the national college of Maryknoll. It will eventually house four hundred young Americans, as they go through

their college years of mission training. The seminary has not been completed: two wings and a convent must yet be built. But the major portions of the building are finished and in operation.

Maryknoll-in-Glen Ellyn stands as a tribute to the many thousands of American Catholics who made personal sacrifices in order to help in its erection. To each and all of them, in whatever part of the nation they may be, our prayerful thanks!

PHOTOS BY THOMAS F. GILLERAN AND ALBERT J. NEVINS



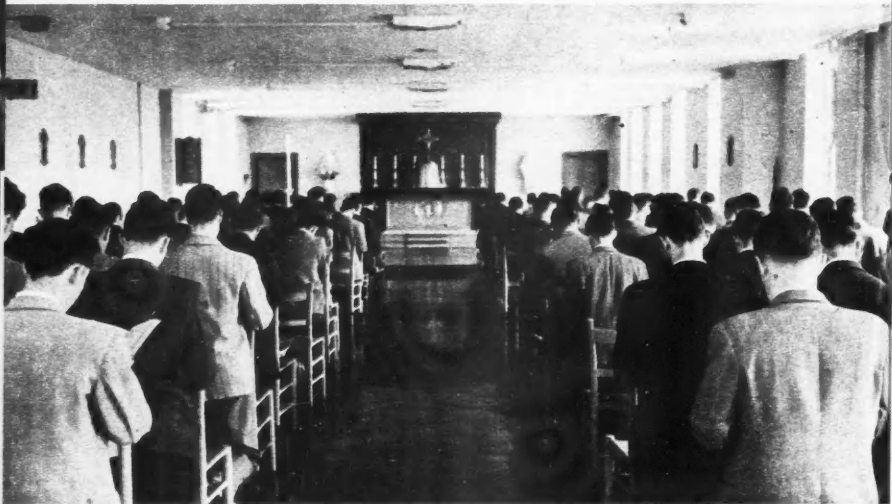
D-Day at Glen Ellyn

Last summer, Catholics of many Midwestern dioceses participated in the formal dedication of our new seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Bishop MacNamara, in whose diocese of Joliet the new school is located, welcomed Maryknoll to the Midwest. Cardinal Stritch (right), from nearby Chicago, spoke on the obligation of all Catholics to participate in the mission cause. Parochial-school children presented a dramatic pageant of the nations, and a pageant of religious orders (above). An impressive, visual "Rosary of the Nations" closed the ceremony.





The Sisters came to Glen Ellyn from Chicoutimi, Quebec. Their congregation also staffs our Brookline seminary. Their cooking is an art.



The heart of the seminary lies in its chapel. Here our would-be missionaries find the strength and grace to carry on to their goal.



A Maryknoll Annuity

... Offers Spiritual and Temporal Advantages

AN ANNUITY is one of the approved methods of protecting savings and, at the same time, of assuring a fixed income for life, for yourself or for a relative or friend.

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY offers additional advantages: it is a spiritual investment as well. The annuitant not only helps in the work of teaching the religion of Christ in fields afar, but also participates in the prayers and works of Maryknollers.

The details of a MARYKNOLL ANNUITY are contained in a descriptive booklet, which we shall be glad to send you on request. Please use this blank.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I shall be interested to receive your **FREE** annuity booklet.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Please send, also, the free booklet, "*The Making of a Catholic Will.*"



A Waiting World

a vocational article

by Robert L. Mackesy



SWIFT jets hissed past overhead. A few miles to the west, could be seen the smoke and flame of their napalm bombs. The jets would zoom up from the explosions, re-form, and dive again — this time letting go with a blast of rockets.

Corporal Fred Collins — tall, brown-haired, blue-eyed — was sitting on a hillside overlooking the Nakdong River. For days he and his like all along the line had been repulsing the fanatical *banzai* attacks of the North Koreans. The 57-mm. gun on which Corporal Collins works had been firing about once every five or ten seconds. Now there was a lull, and the gun stood silent.

Corporal Collins was not alone. Sitting with him was a veteran reporter of *The New York Times*, W. H. Lawrence, who in a few hours would be writing his dispatch on Corporal Collins. Skillfully, from many years of experience, Correspondent Lawrence drew out information from the soldier.

Corporal Collins was twenty-two years old. He came from Brookings, S. D., where his father operates a grain elevator. He had been in the

Army four and a half years. Before that, high school and normal American life. He had been stationed in Japan as a cook; then, when the North Korean invasion began, he had been sent to Korea with a 57-mm. gun team. He had shared in some hard fighting, particularly around Yongdong. Yes, he had lost weight — about twenty pounds.

Mr. Lawrence learned that twice, while fulfilling rear-guard assignments covering American retreats, Corporal Collins had been left behind enemy lines. The first time he had found himself separated from his unit by a sudden North Korean attack.

"How did you get back?" asked the reporter.

"I just walked back. I didn't have too much trouble. It took sixteen hours."

The corporal didn't want to talk about the second time. On that return, one soldier with him was killed, and another wounded.

"And after the war, what do you want to do?"

"I want to finish high school and then enter Maryknoll."

"Maryknoll?"

"Yes. I want to become a mission priest."

Mr. Lawrence asked the corporal if he wished to become a priest because there had been other priests in his family, or because he felt a particular affection for his parish priest.

"He replied," Mr. Lawrence wrote later, "that it was simply the vocation he wished to follow, that he preferred to be a missionary, and that he hoped he would be assigned to Japan after he should have completed his studies. As I left, he was getting ready to go forward again."

We feel sure that Corporal Collins didn't tell Mr. Lawrence the whole story about his vocation. American youths find it difficult to discuss spiritual problems with strangers. Then, too, there are things that are just between a fellow and God.

From the many G.I.'s who came to Maryknoll after the last war, we had varied reasons for their entrance. Some of them had served in foreign lands and had seen mission needs at first hand, or had observed and been impressed with actual missionaries at work. Others had found the war a

Cast your vote for

Christianity in China. Fifteen dollars is a key to the situation. It supports for one month a catechist, who will instruct others unto charity and justice.

challenge to their thinking, and they had asked themselves what God wanted them to do with their lives.

These soldiers, sailors, and ma-

rines who came to us took Christ's command to go and "teach all nations" as something meant for them personally. This command was no longer something remote, something that applied to only the other fellow. They realized that the command was directed at every Christian, and that for each of them the fulfilling must be an active one.

"The fields are white for the harvest." A billion and a half people yet await the teachings of Christ. For two thousand years, men have been dying in all parts of the world without having heard of Christ.

"If I won't go, who will?" one man wrote us. "I've seen at first hand the mess the world is in. All this trouble is caused because men don't really know Christ."

What about you? Does Christ's command to go and teach have a personal meaning? Have you ever thought about becoming a Maryknoll priest, or a Maryknoll Brother?

MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Maryknoll P.O., New York.

2-1

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest ()

Brother ()

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____

A black and white illustration of a man walking on a path. He is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved shirt and shorts. He is holding a walking stick in his right hand. The path is shaded by a large tree on the left, with its branches and leaves visible at the top of the frame. The man is looking down at the ground.

MICAELI

What does a blind man think about
during his long, dark hours?

by J. Gerard Grondin

The first time I saw Micaeli, he was walking away from me, carrying a small branch of a tree in his hand. He seemed to tap the first leaves of the branch in front of the Church, then opened the door, stepped in, and walked resolutely to his place. A parishioner had settled there, but he quickly arose and gave Micaeli the seat. Everyone in this section of Africa knows and respects Micaeli.

Several days later, again in church, I realized that Micaeli is blind. It was not the tap-tap of a walking stick that revealed his infirmity. Rather, his presence produced the impression of complete sensitivity and alertness, a sort of high-tension awareness, that somehow pierced my consciousness.

Micaeli is no ordinary catechist. Most catechists only prepare the interested natives before the required six months of intensive instruction and training at the mission proper. That itself is quite a job. But Micaeli

is the missionary's right-hand man throughout the last six-month period, known as the Sacrament Course.

Ingenuity and patience are required to bring a pagan to an appreciation of our precious Christian truths. God often chooses to refine a soul in the fire of another's devotion. Apart from this, human nature being given to occasional impishness, Micaeli has to match wits with the catechumens in their more exuberant moods as well as in their moments of slackening zeal.

One hot morning, some youngsters decided to cut Micaeli's class — or at least to step out for a stretch after roll call. Their shoeless feet glided quietly out of the crowded *kigango*, or study hall, into the delightful lake breeze. Micaeli immediately knew some students had left. He strolled over to the door, closed it, leaned on it, and quietly repeated the roll call. The catechumens soon learn they can't fool their teacher.

Micaeli recognizes all who speak to him. He often picks out people who are trying to avoid him. His mind is a perfect file for the pastor's use. Once he was called on for information relating to a disputed point in a dowry question. One of the contestants protested that Micaeli did not even know him. Our star catechist calmly refuted the protest by giving the man's age and place of birth, describing his mother and father, uncles and in-laws, all before anyone mentioned this man's name.

Blind from childhood, Micaeli is a convert. Unmarried, he lives with his parents who are good pagans. He has to travel about an hour and a half to reach the mission. Someone

has to accompany him back and forth every day. His hand gently on a friend's arm, Micaeli swings along jauntily, twirling his stick, with his prominent teeth shining brightly in the equatorial sun.

Micaeli is often seen on the front steps of the mission waiting for someone to guide him home. His thoughts are frequently interrupted by the Fathers, who ask about tricky constructions in the language or about local customs. Micaeli is always ready with the explanation.

For some time I had been meaning to ask him what he thinks about during his long, dark hours. I found out, the day Father Murphy and I were in the backyard working on a motorcycle. Micaeli came from one of his classes, went into the kitchen for water, and then sat nearby on the ground while we continued work on the machine. One of the Sacrament Course catechumens walked by.

"Nice group we have for the first half of the year," I said to Micaeli.

"Yes, Father," he replied, "but look at all the pagans we don't have."

Micaeli remained silent until we had the motor purring. The sound brightened him.

"I have 50 in my class," he mused.

"I pray for 200. I keep praying that you priests will be able to visit more pagans. You can't do it walking. Nor can you keep checking the new Christians in the whole area, on foot. More priests, and *piki-pikis*, and motorcars will do it, though."

That explained what our blind catechist thinks about practically all the time. He is figuring out ways to help others see the light of the true Faith.



What the typical Japanese student needs is a spiritual Bill of Rights

God in a Kyoto High School

**Three out of five
are dissatisfied**

by William A. Kaschmitter

The enterprising Catholic Students' Federation in Kyoto circulated a questionnaire not long ago, among 700 boys and girls in one Kyoto high school. The questions along with the percentage of affirmative, negative, and noncommittal answers, were:

1. Are you content with your daily life?

Yes	39%
No	59%
Don't know.....	2%
2. If your answer is "No," what is the cause of your discontent?	
Hardship of life.....	22%
Something wanted spiritually..	53%
Both	11%
Don't know.....	14%
3. Do you think man has a soul?	
Yes	43%
No	32%
Don't know.....	25%
4. What do you think about your condition after you die?	
Soul remains	21%
Nothing remains	41%
Don't know	38%

5. Does God exist?

Yes 35%
 No 38%
 Don't know 30%

6. Is God a creature of man's imagination?

Yes 51%
 No 14%
 Don't know .. 35%

While the obvious inconsistencies in some of the statistics show that many students did not understand the full import of the question, the questionnaire raises important questions with regard to our whole modern educational system.

According to the statistics, three out of every five of these students are dissatisfied, and more than half of this discontented group blame their unhappiness on a spiritual something that is lacking in their lives. Can parents, teachers, educational officials, and social leaders shrug this off? It has been said that education is adjustment. By this standard, is it an exaggeration to say that large numbers of these young people are not being educated?

Japan has taken over Western material improvements and the physical sciences, lock, stock, and barrel. Our age prides itself on the progress it has made in mastering the forces of

nature: overcoming the restrictions placed upon us by the law of gravity: releasing and using atomic energy; and controlling the action of bacilli.

We have done wonderful things with

Sacrifices and prayers are of priceless value to the mission cause, which you can help even if you can give neither your personal service nor financial help.

broken bodies—but have we succeeded in healing broken hearts? We have mastered the art of adjusting material things to our bodily comfort—but has our educational sys-

tem adjusted people to themselves? Has our educational system gone abroad with microscope and telescope to discover *things*, only to lose sight of *man himself*?

We talk a lot about integrating our education. But can we honestly say that we are making it integral if we slur over such basic problems as whether our boys and girls have souls or not, and whether the universe, including ourselves, had a Maker or not? The boys and girls of Japan have been taught that radios, automobiles, and aeroplanes cannot make themselves. Yet they are told that a universe could make itself.

Would it not be a help towards integrating education, if our youth were allowed to hear at least as fair a statement on the case for the existence of God and the soul, as they hear for the case against the soul and God?

The Power of a Smile

ONE DAY not long ago, an old lady came to the dispensary for eye treatment. Putting Argyrol into her eyes was difficult for she would not open her eyes. Then an idea—you might call it a bright idea—came to me, and I said, "Come on, Mrs. Wong, laugh!" While she was laughing, her eyelids loosened, and I quickly put in the drops of Argyrol.

Donat W. Chatigny



Maryknoll Sisters Afield

A mere hole-in-the-wall was his studio. The tattoo artist sat in his dingy office and watched the crowds streaming past his little window. They were representative of the motley population of Honolulu, crossroads of the Pacific. Chinese, Samoan, Filipino, Korean, Hawaiian, and American — all shades of skin, all types of eyes and noses and mouths making up the racial features — passed on the busy street.

The tattoo artist himself was an American. At least, years and years ago, he had run away from home someplace in the United States. He was a walking billboard for his trade: chest, arms, back and hands were covered with his choicest designs. Mermaids, American flags, dolphins, and eagles rippled as his muscles rolled; and across his chest was Washington himself, crossing the Delaware.

A frown puckered his weather-beaten forehead as he saw two Maryknoll Sisters join a little crowd waiting for the bus. He had sat himself down there by his window waiting for just that, but his resolution almost failed. Suddenly, he laid down the book he had been holding in his hand, left his shop and walked over to the Sisters.

A cough. "Excuse me, Sisters."
"Yes?"

"Ah, will you come into my studio?" Then, as the Sisters looked at him hesitatingly, "I have a book to show you."

Inside the studio, he brought out the book that had plagued him for weeks and weeks. It was a child's missal, almost new, and across the leaf was a name, "Patsy Kakimutsi."

"One of my customers left it here, Sister," the grizzled tattoo artist explained. "He must have taken it from the Catholic church. Will you put it back for me? The kid probably is looking for it. They usually keep a place in the back pews for lost articles, don't they?"

Sister Blanche looked at him, and smiled.

"Oh, you know that? You must have gone to church yourself at one time, then."

Washington crossing the Delaware disappeared, and the mermaids on his forearms rippled as he propped his elbows on the counter and looked squarely at Sister.

"Years ago, Sister. Years ago. Back in the States, when I was little. I was a Catholic."

"I'll tell you what, then. You put this missal in church yourself, when you go to Mass next Sunday."

Immediately he was panic-stricken — almost as if she had suggested a sacrilege. "I can't go to Mass, Sister!



"Rice to fill your banana leaf?" Sister Miriam Louise (Kroeger), of Jefferson City, Missouri, gets her Philippine *fiesta* treat, too.

I'm married to a divorced woman!"

Sister Blanche missed three busses in the process, but finally, the tattoo artist promised at least to take the book back to the church and to say a prayer to Our Lady as he did so.

"Here, take this rosary, too," she said, as she saw the next bus coming down the street. "It won't hurt you to say it occasionally, either." And with that, she and the other Sister were gone to catch the bus.

On subsequent trips to town, Sister Blanche usually stopped a minute or two, to see how the tattoo artist was coming along. She brought him a picture catechism once, and two weeks later he told her that his wife was interested in the stories.

"I learned a lot out of that book," he said. "I don't think I ever really knew what the Catholic Church teaches, before."

Not long after, the two of them, man and wife, began attending Mass regularly at the Waikiki church. And just last week, as Sister stepped off the bus he came running from his shop.

"I think we're going to be straight-

ened out, Sister," he announced. "I asked the priest and he thinks my wife's first marriage was not valid. She wants to be baptized, too."

A little pause.

"Sister, I don't know how you'll take this, but I haven't any other way to show you my thanks. But — anybody you want to, you can send to me, and I'll do a magnificent job on him absolutely free for nothing."

Mission work in Hawaii doesn't involve the conversion of tattoo artists every day. In those islands where many nations and races are mingled, the Maryknoll Sisters staff six large schools. Some four thousand wriggling youngsters, endowed with all of Hawaii's sunshine and temperament, are taught the fundamental truths.

Through the Catholic Social Service Agency, staffed by Maryknoll's trained social service workers, many a happy ending is given to a sad story.

This work cannot be publicized without violating the confidence of the people who are helped. But it is a most important phase of mission work in such a port city as Honolulu.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.

Ahbee and the Tigers

by Constantine F. Burns

AHBEЕ wasn't married more than a few months when enough excitement came her way to last several lifetimes. She was living with her in-laws, as most Chinese brides do. And one of her chores was to take charge of the pigs.

One night Ahbee went out after dark to close the door to the pig shed, so that tigers could not carry off the pigs. The little farm where she lived was quite far from the nearest village and was perched on the side of a hill.

Just as she was securing the latch on the pigs' hut, she was startled by a noise near the house. Looking back, she saw two men moving stealthily around the corner of the house. They pushed open the door. Then Ahbee heard her mother-in-law scream as the two thieves pointed guns at her father-in-law.

What could she do? The nearest house was at the foot of the hill, but that seemed miles away. The stories she had heard in her childhood, of people being eaten by tigers that roamed the countryside at night, had sent shivers up and down her spine. The thought that she might meet a tiger while going for help froze her mind with fear. For she herself had



heard tigers: they made a noise that sounded like thunder coming up out of the well; their roars seemed to make the very earth tremble.

However, the relatives who were in danger of being robbed had been very kind to her, and so — tigers or no tigers — Ahbee just had to go for help. Half running and half falling, she scrambled down the side of the hill. Her heart was in her mouth, and it was only when she was banging on the neighbor's door that she was able to let out a scream.

The neighbors were roused in short order, and the robbers were captured.

Ahbee learned later that there was a reward for the capture of the two robbers. They had committed many other acts of violence in the neighborhood. At a village festival, Ahbee was given the reward, and also a medal for valor. At the mayor's insistence, she told the assembled crowd the story of the most exciting night in her young life.

HEY, PADRE MAC!



A Bolivian jungle photo story



Father Mac (above) joins the yard birds in cleaning up the grounds of the parish school. His enthusiastic admirers (left) are the small fry for miles around; a crowd of youngsters follows him wherever he goes.

Father James V. McCloskey finds the lazy quiet of a small town, tucked away in the jungles of Bolivia, quite a contrast to the bustling activity of his native island, Manhattan. The people of the sleepy little town of Riberalta don't care a whit about the outside world. But they are grateful that this kindly American priest spends his priestly life among them.

A real joy to the people is their missionary's alertness to their problems. His sincere sympathy and the steps he has taken to improve their standard of living have earned for him undying gratitude. Like every Maryknoller, Father Mac is intensely interested in the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of his people, and all people everywhere.



The Sunday Gospel is right at home in Father Mac's little chapel; some grass forms the roof; the waist-high enclosure keeps animals out.



As in any American parochial school, recess is very popular with these Bolivian youngsters who all too often feel the pinch of real poverty.

Chino is ready to put up his dukes with the biggest and the best of them. Here he learns a fine point from Father Mac.





As old as ancient history, is the type of vehicle the Bolivian farmer (above) uses to haul bananas to market. The crude wooden wheels are not equipped with shock absorbers; no need for any because of Riberalta's grassstreets. Mateo (right) can't understand why Father Mac bothers with a garden when the surrounding countryside is lush with the wild beauty of jungle flowers. The parish playground (left) is headquarters for all the youngsters of Riberalta. They like to be near Padre Mac, and he is delighted that he can provide a few simple recreational facilities for these youngsters who have never known the luxury of a city-built playground.

the
mer
to
heels
ab-
ce of
ght)
Mac
sur-
the
The
ead-
s of
adre
can
onal
who
of a



The Price of Success

by Joseph J. Rickert

I will never forget a visit made to Corani while I was stationed in Peru. Reaching Corani from the center mission, involved climbing a mountain on horseback. The climb made the horse hungry, and he persisted in stretching his neck longingly over the side of the descending trail to gaze at the green grass that flourished in the shelter of the valley some thousand feet below.

Along the way we passed fields where Indians were working. The workers came to the road so that they could kiss the hand of the priest. Some Spanish Friar of long ago must have taught them this mark of respect.

All the Indians from the surrounding settlements were in Corani for the visit of the pastor. There is a big church there. Its rectory has been without a resident priest for some fifty years. The best I could do was to cover Corani on occasional visits from the center mission.

During evening devotions, I gave the Indians an instruction, accenting the wisdom of their taking advantage of the visit of a priest, to receive the sacraments. I harped on the very real possibility that some of them would never have another opportunity.

Fourteen men were waiting for me

outside the church, after Mass the next morning.

"We made to get married," said they.

Now, these were not young men: some of them were on the wrong side of sixty. I began the instructions, to which they and the women came faithfully. And at the end of six days — my last in that village — the 28 of them made their first confessions and received Holy Communion. Then there was formed a grand circle before the altar: fourteen grooms with their brides and the witnesses, 56 in all.

I was entering the marriages in the parish register when mail from the States came in. There was a letter from a friend of mine, then quite sick and suffering a great deal.

"Dear Father," the letter read, "my prayers and sufferings of this day have been offered for the success of your work among those poor people up in the Peruvian Andes."

The date on the letter was the same as the day those fourteen Indians in Corani had decided to have their marriages blessed by the Church. Until I read the letter, I had wondered how the grace of God had touched those Indians. Certainly it was not due to what I said; at the time, I knew but little of the language.

the

said

men:

side

, to

ame

lays

8 of

and

hen

be-

with

6.in

s in

from

etter

quite

ead,

this

ccess

poor

les."

the

In-

d to

y the

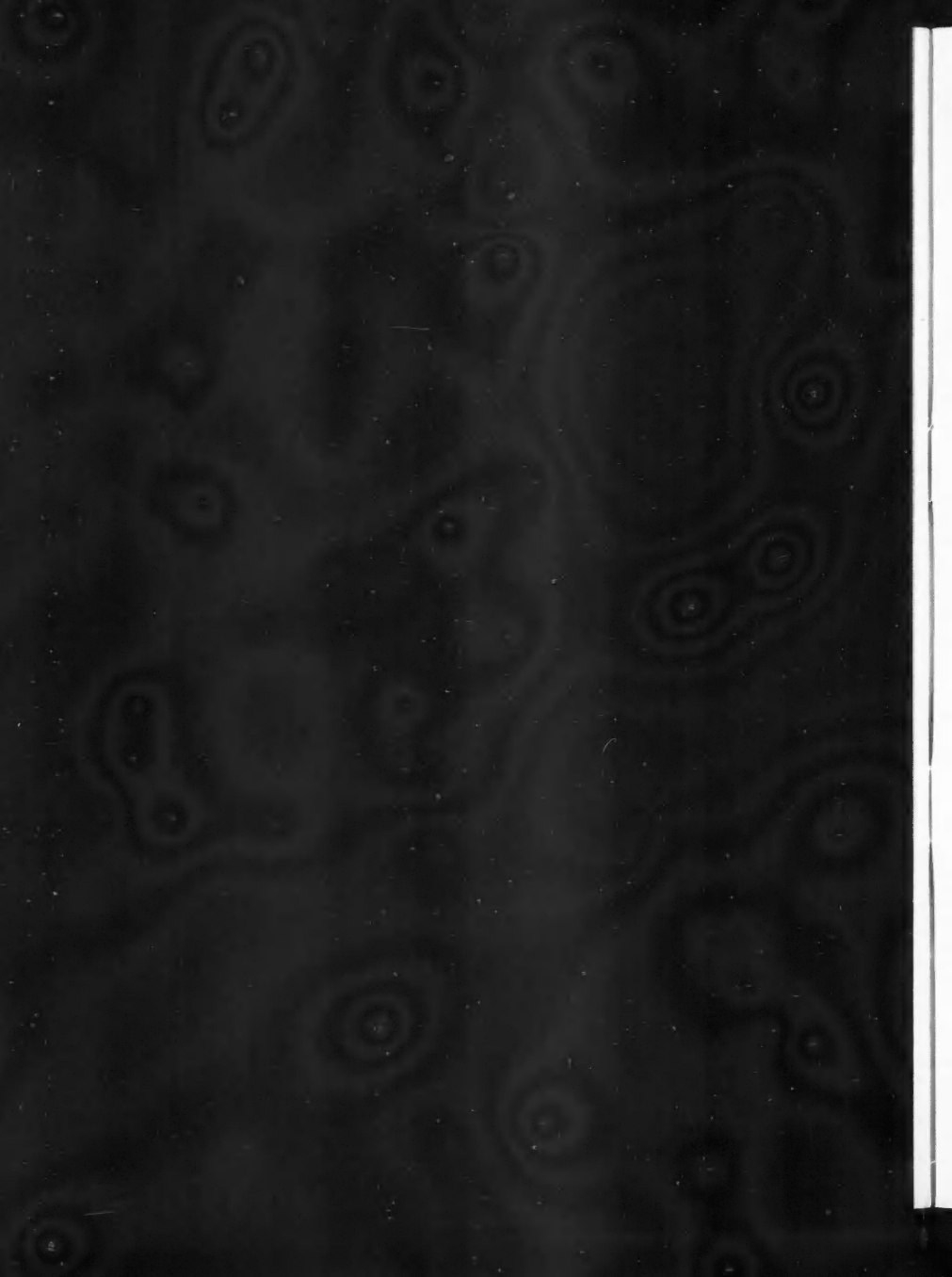
had

had

ly it

time,

ge.

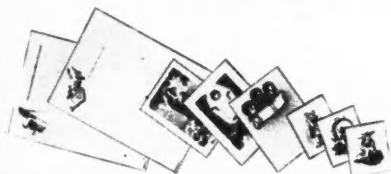




IMMORTAL FIRE

by
Sr. M. Just
of
Maryknoll

An excellent work that portrays each century's mission achievements through biographies of great apostles from Saint Paul to Father Vincent Lebbe of 20th century China. A fine book for the Catholic home, school and college. (Herder) \$7.50



WIDE WORLD SPECIALTIES

Letter Paper. Fine quality paper decorated with charming sketches of the gay side of life in China. An apt Chinese proverb on each decorated sheet.

24 decorated sheets,
24 plain sheets,
24 lined envelopes, boxed, \$1.00

Note Cards. Assorted full-color designs.

10 cards with envelopes, 40¢
30 cards with envelopes, \$1.00

Little-Little Cards. New little novelties in quaint designs.

12 cards and envelopes, 40¢;
24 cards and envelopes, 75¢

#231 — China Box
#232 — Fiesta Box
#233 — Combination

KOREA FOR CHRIST!

The real fight is for Korea's soul; pray daily for Korea. We have the following to fit into your program:

Poster: *A Prayer for Korea.* Colorful, easy to read. 15¢ first copy; 5¢ each additional copy.

Daily Prayer: An attractive full-color religious print, with *A Daily Prayer for Korea* on the reverse. \$1.00 per 100; \$6. per 1,000.

Story Book: Due soon, a tale for young folks 10 to 14 years of age, *The Adventures of Wu Han*, by Maryknoll's Father Nevins. About \$2.00.

Handy Brochure: *Our Neighbors the Koreans*, by F. D. David. Brief but comprehensive. Illustrated. 35¢; 10 or more, 25¢ each.

Film Strip: *Land of Morning Calm.* Beautiful photos. Manual with each strip. \$2.50.

Unit Of Study: *How the People of Korea Live.* Illustrated with 20 pages of drawings, 9 pages of photos, and a map. Complete in binder, 50¢.

Program Material: Four packets of graded material suitable for auditorium or classroom productions. Primary, Middle, Upper, and High School. 50¢ each packet.

ORDER FORM

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Quantity	Articles	Price
----------	----------	-------

☐ \$ _____ enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Name _____

Address _____

Send: ☐ Specialty list; ☐ Book list; ☐ Teacher Aid Catalogue

The Maryknoll Roundup

Good Neighbors. "You must be from the United States," little Fernando said when he met Father Joseph J. O'Neill, Maryknoller from Brooklyn. Father O'Neill asked the Peruvian lad how he knew. "Because all men from the United States have big feet and big voices, and walk in a big hurry," replied Fernando. The Brooklyn priest asked the lad if he liked to make friends with the North Americans. Fernando gave the question a moment's serious thought before answering, "Only those with big smiles."



FR. O'NEILL

Big-Game Hunt. "Wasaga! Wasaga!" working in the carpentry shop of the Maryknoll mission in Nyegina, Africa, Brother Damien Walsh, of Wheeling, W. Va., heard the loud yells of two frightened natives. Dashing to the door, he saw them staring at the roof of a nearby garage. There, sunning itself, was a nine-foot-long wasaga, one of the most deadly of Africa's poisonous snakes. Brother Damien ran to the



BRO. DAMIEN

house for a shotgun, as the natives continued shouting. Meanwhile, in the midst of this commotion, the snake

glided across the garage roof to a nearby tree and stretched itself over three branches. Brother loaded the gun, aimed, and pulled the trigger, scoring a direct hit. Afterwards the natives told him that, if the poisonous wasaga had bitten anyone, that person would have died before reaching the house, a hundred feet away!

Specialists. From his mission in Kweiping, South China, Father Russell Sprinkle sent a request for prayers, to the Mother Superior of every cloistered monastery conducted by the Discalced Carmelite Sisters in the United States. A year later, he had a long waiting list of villages desiring doctrine instructions. So numerous have been the requests for new classes that two villages have had to wait ten months for teachers. "Whatever a person needs, whether medicine or prayers, he should go to a specialist for the best results," says Father Sprinkle. "I hope the Carmelites keep up their barrage of prayers and sacrifices, for it seems that God is answering them in a very special way."



FR. SPRINKLE

Tokyo Tale. One of the busiest men in Japan is Father William A. Kaschmitter, Maryknoll Missioner from

Cottonwood, Idaho. He founded and directs Tosei News Agency, the only Catholic news service in Japan's history. He publishes the weekly *Tosei News* in two languages, Japanese and English, and serves as foreign correspondent for NCWCNewsService. Father's continual quest for news takes him all around the Tokyo area. Recently he came across two signs that tell brief stories in themselves. One read "Nogotta Police Station"; the other, "Tobe Police Station."



FR. KASCHMITTER

Peruvian Fiesta. On February 2, the people of Puno, Peru, observe the feast of *La Virgen de la Candelaria*. She is credited with having saved the city during a rebellion in 1780. A band of Indians had attacked and pillaged a number of towns, and then marched on defenseless Puno. The people prayed to the Blessed Virgin for protection. When the fierce Indians reached the city's outskirts on February 2, Candlemas Day, they turned and fled in terror. To their eyes, the streets of Puno appeared to be filled

with armed soldiers! Now the annual *fiesta* starts on the first of February, with fireworks and band music at 4:30 a.m. Throughout the four-day celebration, a steady stream of people flows in and out of church. The visitors deposit fresh flowers and colorful candles around the life-size statue of *La Virgen de la Candelaria*.

Chinese Wisdom. A nine-year-old boy in the village of Pingnam, China, played hooky from doctrine class not long ago. Father Albert V. Fedders, a Kentucky Maryknoller, told the lad to write "I must be obedient" in his notebook, as punishment. When the boy failed to appear in class the next day, Father Fedders thought the penalty had been too severe. However, the lad took his usual seat the following day. When asked why he had been absent, the boy said that he had stayed home to finish some extra work. With that explanation, he showed Father Fedders the pages in his notebook, where he had written fifty times, "I must be obedient, next week."



FR. FEDDERS

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.
KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).
MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.
SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kwelling; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.
FORMOSA — Prefecture Apostolic of Taichung.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.
PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.
CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — Prefecture of Musoma.



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Tell and Show. In Bolivia our missionaries want to illustrate as well as explain doctrine to their people. They need a slide projector, which will cost \$55.20. Why the 20c? We don't know.

Catechetical Overtime. Twenty Christians in Japan have volunteered to coach others in catechism, after working hours. \$30 are needed for gasoline to transport them to the villages where they teach. If they give their time to help convert others, can we find someone to supply the gas?

Know-Nothing Catholics? Never! That is the missionaries' reason for requesting two gifts of \$300 each, for mission schools in Chile.

Confession Is Good. If you really believe that, you will help two Maryknoll missionaries in Guatemala and Japan get \$45 each, to erect confessionals for their missions. They cost so little — and mean so very, very much!

A Statue of San Jose, their patron saint, would mean so much to the people of Maryknoll missions in Guatemala and in Peru. \$75 would pay for a statue of St. Joseph.

Two Miles Above sea level in Puno, Peru, our missionaries need Mass vestments, cassocks for altar boys, a Benediction cope, a humeral veil, altar cloths, a Mass bell, and a holy-water container and sprinkler. These articles are not made in Puno. To

buy and send them would cost \$300. Who will give part or all of this sum?

How to Win Friends. Not long ago, when the Japanese were our enemies, Americans spent large sums *against* them. Now that Maryknoll Missioners are turning them into friends, will Americans contribute \$50 to buy food, medicine, books, and even athletic equipment *for* them? This is a splendid way to work against Communism.

Overhead Expense. \$7.36 will pay for a ceiling for a classroom or living room at our Tanganyika mission in Africa. The ceilings are certainly needed!

"Teach All Nations." Because he wants to obey this command, Bishop Donaghy, of Wuchow, asks \$1,500 for a school and catechumenate, where Chinese children and adults may be trained in Christian doctrine and Christian living. The mission's converts have trebled in the last three years.

What Good Is a Hospital? Not much good, if it lacks medicine and supplies. Our Bolivian mission requires \$250 for medicine and equipment to serve the sick. This need is a corporal work of mercy.

What to Do? The Catechism tells. How to learn it? Go to Catechetical School. But if there is none? Maryknoll missionaries in Africa could answer that question if they had \$250 to build a school. Who will help them?





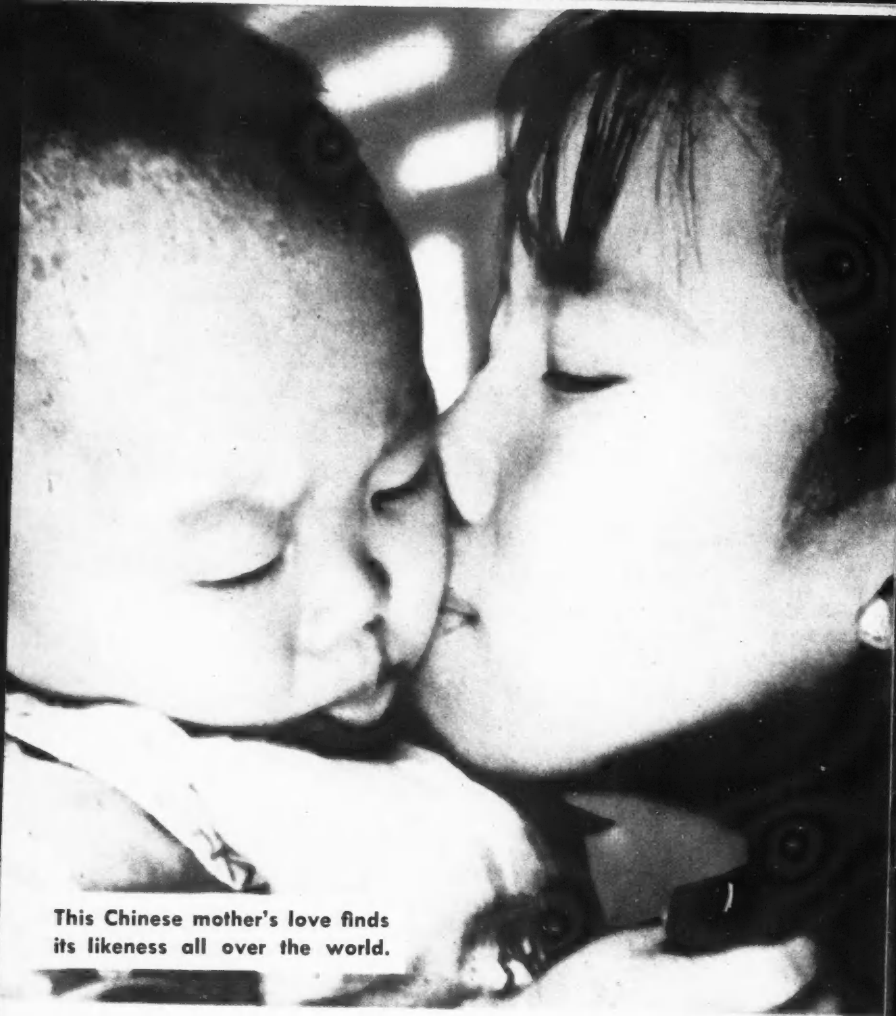
WHEN a person is sick, or cold, or hungry, or destitute, in Asia, Africa, or Latin America, he needs help right away.

When the home of a poor family collapses or burns down, we haven't time to make known the problem and appeal for assistance; we must supply the necessary help immediately.

The lepers, the halt, the blind, the orphaned, the homeless, the sufferers from wasting diseases—all these and many more are being cared for by the Maryknoll Charity Fund.

Your donation to the Maryknoll Charity Fund will make you our missionaries' partner. The missionaries will be the instruments of your charity.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York



This Chinese mother's love finds
its likeness all over the world.

LOS ANGELES
1738 PURDUE
MISS MITS

